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Portland Place, taken in 1906 by Alvin Langdon Coburn, whose autobiography is reviewed on page 4.

PIMPERNELS AND POLITICS

THE TWO RECENT books on the Special Operations Executive are serious, fascinating and valuable. M. R. D. Foot had the advantages, or disadvantages, of doing an official history and so had access to a great many sources unknown to E. H. Cookridge, who, making the best of a bad job, says I deliberately used human contacts rather than dusty files, at least in the initial stages of my research. In the course of six years, I met many men and women involved in the story of SOE in this country and abroad. I travelled in seven countries in Europe, interviewed some 600 people, took signed statements and tape recordings, including many from former Abwehr and SD men in Germany.

reading Mr. Foot, one is conscious of a literary ghost that walked, and perhaps walked dangerously. Mr. Foot has an ironical passage about the belief of all Frenchmen, from General de Gaulle down, in the omniscient, omnipresent, abnormally super-efficient work of the "Intelligence Service". No zealous Catholic seeing the hand of the Grand Orient everywhere, no zealous Protestant seeing the hand of the Jesuits, had a firmer belief in superhuman cunning and superhuman capacity for mendacity and treachery than had many Frenchmen who learnt something, or even nothing, about the real character of British activities in France during the Occupation. Mr. Foot quotes Mr. B. H. Cowburn with his ironical account of a vast esoteric, omniscient organization commanding unlimited means of action, directed by the long-term cunning of anonymous super-schemers, who worked somewhere in the Foreign Office and concealed their activities by appearing at fashionable Mayfair tea parties wearing the most stupid expression on their faces and talking only about horse-riding, grouse shooting and memories of their days at Oxford or Cambridge.

And then Britain was in more danger than she had been since the Grand Army was at Boulogne in 1805; indeed in greater danger, for there was no diversion at hand like the Third Coalition in 1805 and no deliverance like Trafalgar in sight. Indeed, the disasters that began in April, 1940, continued all through 1941 as hope-raising victories like those in Africa were followed by disastrous defeats. So it was natural and inevitable that the Prime Minister and his collaborators should want to do something to divert the Germans and to restore faith in occupied Europe. It is one of the advantages of Mr. Cookridge's book that he reminds us that lack of faith in a British victory was not confined to the French. The Dutch Prime Minister went back to the Netherlands, to be succeeded by the much more combative Dr. Gerbrandy. In every one of the occupied countries, apart from the Quislings and Mussertts and Degrelles, there were people who felt that the Nazi rule of Europe had to be lived with, though it might not be perpetual. France, the Netherlands, Norway, could not afford to kick vainly against the pricks. Seen from the beleaguered island, conquered Europe ought to have been seething with resentment, ready to take any risks to damage the conquerors, any risks to make the

But the illusions that *The Scarlet Pimpernel* was being reenacted in France were part of a new problem. The situation of Britain in the summer of 1940 had only one remote precedent: the situation in Europe after Tilsit. However, Napoleon and Alexander did not exclude, could not exclude, Britain so effectively from

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

E. H. Cookridge: *Inside SOE. The Story of Special Operations in Western Europe 1940-45*. 640pp. Arthur Barker. 12 10s.
M. R. D. Foot: *SOE in France. An account of the Work of the British Special Operations Executive in France 1940-44*. 350pp. 4 maps. H.M.S.O. 4s.

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GREVILLE WYNNE
MY STORY

DENNIS WHEATLEY
* UNHOLY CRUSADE

* Fiction

British war effort more effective. Seen from inside *Festung Europa*, it was very different.

Many of the British illusions, from which not even the Prime Minister was exempt, came from the parochial character of a great deal of British historiography. It was a realist, for example, that in some way the Spaniards had helped the Duke of Wellington to win the Peninsular War. After all, if few ministers and politicians had read Napier or even Oman, not to speak of French and Spanish historians, they had read some of the Brigadier Gerard stories; they knew about what they called *guerrillas*. They had before them, or thought they had, the example of the Spanish Civil War (which was not a comforting precedent for the success of guerrilla warfare against professional armies). They imagined that all of conquered Europe could easily be made to believe in British victory and would welcome the use of their territories to forward the general war policies of the British Government.

Mr. Foot and Mr. Cookridge both point out that these were illusions. No British Government was well qualified to organize underground warfare. A country whose most celebrated political martyrs were the rather remote Tolpuddle peasants of nearly a century before was not likely to understand in any practical terms the problems of "setting Europe ablaze", which were the instructions given to SOE. Perhaps a more careful study of the Irish war, which ended in a British defeat, would have been more helpful than romantic reminiscences of Wellington in the Peninsula. Norwegians and French both thought that their willingness to take risks and to pay the price of unsuccessful British gambles was taken too much for granted. It would be unjust to accuse the Prime Minister of behaving like Lord Clarendon who wrote to his Irish tenant in Connaught "If you think you can intimidate me by shooting my bailiff, you are very much mistaken". But there were a good many people all over Europe who felt that there were Lord Clarendons in high office in London and—a point often forgotten and not empha-

sized enough in these two books—some British propaganda and some British conceptions of "The Great French War" were actively damaging. For example, a Conservative ex-Minister, who bore a great name though he had no great reputation, thought it was an effective counter to German propaganda for the New Order in Europe to point out that Hitler was simply the new Napoleon. As this was exactly how the Führer's propaganda machine wanted him to be seen, this line was unfortunate. Moreover, had it been possible to issue in advance Mlle. Chaumié's admirable book, *Le Réseau d'Antenne et la Contre-Révolution*, some of the mistakes and misjudgments of 1943 might have been avoided in 1943. It was more important, say after Dieppe, to remember Quiberon in terms of 1795 than of 1759.

The political illusions which made things so difficult for SOE were not confined to Conservative ex-Ministers. Some of the Labour Ministers saw the war as basically an anti-Fascist war and believed, innocently, that all the Socialists they had met at conferences or people who had marched in processions down the Champs Elysées or in Trafalgar Square could be relied on in the dread summer of 1940, and the still more dread winter of 1940-41. It was to the Left, so it was believed, that propaganda should be directed and from which most should be hoped. The illusion was to be repeated in 1945, when it came to dealing with the Soviet Union. But the Left in Germany did not prove to be even a broken reed, and a good many Socialists "passed over", accepting the New Order reluctantly. There were, also, people like Deat and Doriot who accepted it enthusiastically and, a point that Mr. Foot makes, the very ambiguous role of the Communist Party in France, where General de Gaulle was denounced as a British stooge, still further divided and weakened the opposition to Hitler. Why should anyone be more anti-Hitlerian than Stalin?

It is against this political background that the two stories under review are told. In a sense, they cover the same ground. A great deal of the

information given by Mr. Cookridge about the organization of radio communications, escape routes, landings from the sea, is given more elaborately and more authentically in Mr. Foot's history. Indeed, the technical side of getting into Europe is dramatic in both books and is fascinating in Mr. Foot's.

France had certain advantages when compared with the Netherlands, as Mr. Cookridge points out. It was very big, it had a great deal of wild country like the Massif Central, like Savoy, in which agents could be dropped and in which, later on, partisan warriors could be trained; it had a very long sea coast; it had, until the occupation of the whole of France, a technically open frontier at the Pyrenees. None of these things was available to the Dutch or to the Belgians. Norway had a very long coast indeed, and a great deal of often noble prospects in which agents could be hidden, as they were in the dramatic story of the destruction of the heavy water supplies. But again, the Germans were more vigilant, more intelligent and more successful than it was fashionable to admit at the time.

Here we come to one of the great problems of the history of these dark years. There were double agents, men who were "turned over" by the Germans; men who perhaps were double agents from the beginning. Some of these double agents were Resistance leaders who came to London during the war admitted that he was on the German books as a German agent. "How else could I get what I need—money, arms, papers? If I survive the war and the Germans are defeated, I shall be a hero. If I am killed during the war I shall be, on the evidence of the German archives, a traitor." He did survive the war and was a hero.

It would be unprofitable to go into some of the much-debated cases of double agents and plain traitors. In every country the Germans recruited people, by money, by bribes, by threats against themselves or their families, sometimes by slowly inducing them to commit minor offences against what came to be called the Resistance, until they had committed some unpardonable offence.

Some of these German successes had disastrous results. The capture and death of Jean Moulin not only broke up the unity of the Resistance but also demoralized it in some degree. Even if SOE had been really successful in building up the nucleus of an underground military organization, it was at the mercy of disasters like that caused by Moulin's seizure at Caluire. As Mr. Foot writes:

There was no doubt that the sizable secret armies SOE now knew it could raise were woefully under-armed. Far too many of the arms caches built up in northern and western France by Suttill and de Baisac had fallen into enemy hands through the Germans' ready use of prospect and scientist; Brittany was in chaos; George Starr, Heslop, Cammaerts were flourishing, but far away; Suttill was in prison; Bieler in danger; and the more, indeed, hardly as much. The quarrel in the exiled F sphere between de Gaulle was not yet over.

Every breakdown in security, seizure of British agents or of French or Dutch Resistance leaders had a double moral effect. There was more suspicion of treason than there was treachery. And the necessarily difficult relationships between the governments in exile and the British government's agents operating at various times in Europe were worsened. The most disastrous example of this was, of course, the complete penetration of the Dutch Resistance by the great and successful traitor Van der Meer. Gieskes must count as one of the most intelligent of German counter-agents and his success was far more important than any achieved by Cicero or Sorel. For his information was acted on. Mr. Cookridge rightly insists on the degree to which Anglo-Dutch relations were poisoned by Dutch suspicion that SOE had not only been grossly incompetent but had also, in fact, been treacherous. The belief in perfidious Albion was not, and indeed is not, a French monopoly.

In addition to treachery there were serious political problems. M. Henri Michel in his book on Jean Moulin puts the case for resisting British monopolization of the organization of the Resistance and sabotage. Jean Moulin thought that, deliberately or not, British agents were dividing the French Resistance, and of course preventing that unity under de Gaulle which by then he had come to see as the salvation of France. Some of the General's resentments, which Mr. Cookridge stresses, came from his belief that he was being double-crossed by the British and deliberately eliminated by the Americans. Neither of these British authors has to discuss the astonishing incompetence of a great deal of American activity in France; for example, the belief (entertained by one of the American officials) in a Radical Socialist underground which could be organized to oppose the Gaullist underground. Some Frenchmen and many Dutchmen believed that left-wing forces in England deliberately planned to weaken the right, to the profit of the communists. And certainly there was a great deal of naivety in London, and still more in Washington, on points like these.

The difficulties of the headquarters of SOE in Baker Street and of Donovan's OSS in Washington should not be underestimated. The number of people who could really speak French was much smaller in England than it was smaller in America. There were few people who could successfully pass as French or Dutch or Norwegian. And the recruiting of secret agents had to be done in a fashion which involved great risks, for an agent, without being a traitor, might lack the character and the physical and moral resources to stand up to the almost intolerable strains of going underground. The tests that Jan Fleming failed to pass in rehearsal were not passed in practice by some of the agents sent into Europe.

Thus it is very hard to do a strict cost-accounting of the results of many of the activities in occupied Europe. Mr. Foot has an admirably ironical passage on the degree to which SOE overestimated its successes. Sometimes there was a nucleus of truth in the encouraging stories that reached London. There was, for example, one successful operation of pulling a machine gun from the Germans, the shirley being a German U-boat crew and manufactured at Troyes. There were other stories, less authentic, of an absolutely intolerable stretch invented

by an SOE agent which made Germans who had been exposed to this secret weapon intolerable to every one. There were the problems of stories passed into Europe to deceive the Germans which, in fact, may not have deceived the Germans, but sometimes deceived their authors. Mr. Cookridge discusses the organization of what were called "sibs", that is to say, plausible stories circulated in Europe, fed to persons suspected of being in touch with the Germans, and likely to lead to confusion or even to demoralization. But there is at least one authenticated case of a "sib" which, when it was reported back by British agents in Switzerland, was completely believed in by its own author. Fortunately, one of his colleagues remembered that the story was completely round and came

to the attention of the Intelligence work. From Baker Street and the Political Warfare Executive made demands on the R.A.F. which that overworked force could not meet. Even comparatively simple activities like dropping leaflets and "air" newspapers in France, took up time and involved risks. (A point not made by either Mr. Foot or Mr. Cookridge: the R.A.F. squadron involved in this operation sent an extremely rude Christmas card to PWE suggesting a use for the leaflets which was not provided for in the terms of reference of that organization.)

Indeed, the R.A.F. pursued a highly independent course, which could be justified but could also be irritating, and some of this was no doubt a reaction against the exaggerated claims for the "Fourth Arm" made in 1940, for example, by Dr. Dalton. It was perhaps the characteristic of academics employed in this activity that they exaggerated the degree to which the German fifth column worked by converting men's minds and underestimated the degree to which it worked by intimidating them. When in doubt, the Third Reich acted on the motto, *oderunt dum metuant*. This was often more efficacious than converting the wavering. Mr. Cookridge, although he is not a blind defender of SOE, is rather unsympathetic to some of the troubles of the French Resistance movement and perhaps inclines to believe all the stories told to the outside by enemies of Colonel Passy (who took that name, so it was claimed, because at Passy the Paris underground comes overground).

The confusion of authority, responsibility, and loyalty in France was part of the price of Vichy. But none of the occupied countries was without people who, for one reason or the other, believed—at any risk till the failure of the invasion of Russia and the entry of the United States—that Hitler would win, or alternatively, that Britain would contract out of Europe and accept terms of peace from the Führer which would leave the British Empire more or less intact but would leave Europe under the control of the Reich. These questions are discussed with more intelligence and more scholarship by Mr. Foot than they are by Mr. Cookridge.

After all, Mr. Foot is a very distinguished academic and he has a better historical background. Writing an official history, he is not free to defend all, or indeed most, of the activities of some of the organizations whose story he is telling. But he does understand the practical difficulties, and his estimate of the services of SOE is just, humane and impressive. Both Mr. Cookridge and Mr. Foot point out that although the casualty rate among the agents sent into France was high, it was not higher than some other enterprises of this time were. The people who landed in the first wave on D-Day suffered proportionately as much as did the agents sent into France. But of course the agents sent into France suffered fates rarely worse than death as well as death itself, and even today it is impossible to read without horror and anger of the way in which the Germans reacted to the increasing threat to their position on France.

The Resistance contributed a good deal to weakening that position. And Mr. Cookridge does describe, in dramatic form, some of the successes as well as some of the disasters of the Maquis in the last year of the war. We see these from the point of view of the SOE and of Britain. The story

of the premature liberation of Tulle has been told from the French side by the then Prefect of the Corréze, and the responsibility for the disaster of the Vergors will perhaps never be justly allocated. Mr. Cookridge is a little inclined to exaggerate the effect on German policy of these activities by the underground movement. It is perfectly true that the Führer kept a great garrison in Norway right down to the collapse of the Reich, but this was part of the general megalomania of his last years of rule, which was exemplified, for instance, in the refusal to evacuate his armies from the Baltic states; and in leaving these garrisons behind to no very useful purpose. Hitler was imitating one of the great faults of Napoleon in 1813-14. That the Norwegian Resistance played an important role should be admitted, but to say that it was because of the Resistance that 300,000 German troops were locked up in Norway is to accept too simple a causal relationship.

As the war went on, the Germans began to suffer from darkness as Britain had suffered before. All around them the Continent was coming alive again, beginning to hope, beginning to prepare to take a share in its own liberation. The Germans themselves began to lose faith (although some Germans retained faith enough to keep the murder squadrons of the concentration camps busy till the very last possible moment). The Allies

had their own illusions: for example, there was the harebrained scheme to force France through AMGOT, a folly thwarted by the intelligence and decision of General de Gaulle. There were schemes to bring out of France political leaders most of whom did not want to come and most of whom would have been passengers if they had done so. It was an especially foggy war.

It also produced a new and special sort of hero and heroine, like Nour Inayat Khan, "the daughter of a Sufi mystic, born in the Kremlin on New Year's day 1914 to a cousin of Mr. Baker Eddy's". The French Resistance produced Lucie Aubrac, who rescued her husband in a manner quite worthy of the Scarlet Pimpernel. And if the legend has been somewhat gilded, that is the character of legends.

Both books are welcome. Mr. Cookridge is not very scholarly in his use of French and has some grave omissions in his use of English. Mr. Foot is less emotional, clearer and more convincing, but his writing is not in the least like what Americans call "Federal prose": for example, Practical men like to think you can have three sides in a war than you can have three sides in a bad. Some of the complex situations SOE's agents were involved in, in France and southern Europe, indicate this proposition may not be valid.

He can also be agreeably ironical: Among the coups de main not many

were rewarding. RAT WEEK had some slight effect, particularly in the Lyonnais where the ARNADA team was looking for the execution; but the effect was nothing in this country. France to cope with the killing of Heydrich in Czechoslovakia, which has recently been attributed to the SOE. The only high-level assassination affecting the French directly was Darlan's; and though SOE was concerned in the results of that much admired event, it did not bring it about.

Mr. Foot points out that the Special Air Squadron in the Western Desert did more damage than any R.A.F. fighters managed to do during the war. But the Western Desert offered opportunities which perhaps were not open in France or elsewhere in western Europe. He even states the case for Sir Arthur Harris, although he does recall the unkind judgment of the late Sir Charles Webster and Dr. Frankland on the limited results of Harris's policy in France. Unkind as it may seem, Mr. Foot's judgement may be accepted:

Anyone can see that bombers in those days could make bigger holes in the ground than agents could; but nobody sensible believes that big holes in the ground are necessarily of military value. This was one of the principal lessons of the bombing of 1916-17, which a generation later was gaining general acceptance.

Baker Street, after all, did justify its existence and, more, did justify the martyrdom of so many of its most admirable agents.

FISHPOND ADMIRAL

PETER PADFIELD: *Aim Straight*. A Biography of Admiral Sir Percy Scott. 317pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2 2s.

Scott, although less well known than Fisher and Jellicoe, was one of the main architects of the Grand Fleet. He was essentially a practical man with a genius for improvisation and a powerful urge to solve any problem which came immediately under his nose. Fortunately for the Royal Navy, he added to these gifts a passionate interest in gunnery, at a time when its ability to hit an enemy was ludicrously inadequate. The practical result of Scott's efforts was a dramatic improvement in its capacity to hit its targets more often and at increasingly longer ranges. He excelled in the production of training equipment for gun crews, demonstrated the value of competition in developing their keenness, and devoted his inventive genius to the production of an effective Director system, without which the armaments of the battle-fleet could never have been successfully employed in action.

The pre-1914 navy was not a favourable environment for a radical reformer. Captains and Admirals were more concerned with the appearance and smartness of their ships and squadrons than with the efficiency of their guns. The Admiralty was notorious for its reluctance to accept new ideas and even more notorious for its slowness to implement those it did accept. It might be supposed that the support of Fisher in the years of his ascendancy would have enabled Scott to triumph over these obstacles, but in some ways it worked against his hopes of success. Fisher may have modernized the Royal Navy but he also divided its officers into two opposed camps. To be a prominent member of the "Fishpond", as Scott was, meant automatic opposition to his ideas from Fisher's opponents. Like his master, Scott relied on assertion rather than persuasion to forward his projects and believed that opposition to them could be based only on stupidity and malice. An unfortunate posting as a junior flag-officer under the command of

With the exception of an excellent essay by Admiral Sir William Jamieson, in his *The Fleet that Jack Built*, which is surprisingly omitted from Mr. Padfield's bibliography, there has been no recent treatment of Scott's work and a full-length study is fully justified. In many ways Mr. Padfield has succeeded. He has used a great mass of published and unpublished material and his detailed account of Scott's campaign for gunnery improvement is particularly valuable. Unfortunately his writing is prolix and his conversational style irritating rather than interesting. A more serious drawback is that his involvement in the controversies which surrounded Scott leads him into tedious detail and, like his subject, to spoil his case by overstatement. Mr. Padfield acknowledges his debt to his publishers for reducing his typescript to more readable proportions. If they had been more severe, both Mr. Padfield and his readers would have benefited.

ORDEAL BY JUNGLE

ARTHUR SWINSON: *Kohima*. 275pp. Cassell. 30s.

It is no disparagement to say that Mr. Swinson's account of the Kohima battle is primarily an act of loyalty. He has proclaimed it as such by his dedication. As Staff Captain of the 5th Infantry Brigade of the 2nd British Division, the author took part in the operations which he describes and his loyalty is to those who fought there and those who died there. Had this loyalty resulted in a biased account of the fighting, he could be criticized as an historian; in fact he has rightly taken the view that he would serve his former comrades best by setting out the story as objectively as possible.

In attempting to reassemble the facts, in great detail, about an exceptionally confused battle which lasted more than two months, complete truth is almost impossible to achieve. The historian has to rely on participants whose memories are sometimes at fault; facts derived from perfectly sound sources are often found to differ, accounts written at the time may well contain completely false impressions, and even one's own recollections can be far more fallible than most will admit. In many ways what matters most in a battle is what is thought to be happening rather than what actually happens; actions in war are, unfortunately, seldom based on a full knowledge of events.

During 1943 no decision was reached in Manipur. The Japanese were consolidating and the Fourteenth Army rebuilding. A change in outlook took place in August, 1943, when Admiral Mountbatten was appointed as Supreme Commander and responsibility for operations was removed from C.I.M.B. India, which was not regarded by many outside it as an effective war-making machine. By January, 1944, it was clear that the Japanese were going to resume the attack, and it was equally clear that the priorities of war would not allow the Fourteenth Army all the resources they needed to assume the offensive. The threat to Kohima, which, with Imphal, was a key position for the defence of the Dimapur railway and base, was seriously underestimated. Thus the initial garrison consisted of a somewhat miscellaneous collection of about 2,500 men and one 25-pounder gun, under command of Colonel Richards.

The course of the battle divided into two main phases. First, the siege of Colonel Richards's garrison from April 3 to April 18, which with poor resources, chaotic organization and exemplary gallantry held out just long enough to allow the relieving troops to occupy the by then inadequate perimeter. Secondly, the long, bloody and slogging battle that little by little forced the Japanese to withdraw on May 31, without orders, but not without honour. It was in many ways a strange battle, incomprehensible at the time to the Chiefs of Staff in London, and, one feels, not initially fully understood even by General Stopford in whose Corps it took place. Advances through the dense

sleep jungle were often on a one-man front; single file is not a tactical situation for any soldier enjoys. An important feature of the battle was the light for a tennis court, where the opposing forces remained some fifteen yards apart until after sixteen days a single tank was brought into action and decided the issue.

One gains the impression from this detailed and vivid account that the Japanese were still the more professional soldiers. In sifting and construction of field defences they were far more expert, and no one could accuse them of fighting less hard. Mr. Swinson does not try to cover up the prejudices and differences in temperament that marred the smooth conduct of operations; the deplorable prejudice and jealousy between Indian and British Army had by 1944 disappeared in the European theatre of war, but the Far Eastern theatre still had a lot to learn.

No clashes of temperament (which existed on the Japanese side, too) and no operational or administrative defects can, however, dim the many acts of heroism and the dogged determination which here, as many times before in our military history, at great length and great cost won the day.

Naturally Mr. Swinson gives some prominence to the part played by his own Division, the 2nd British. It had a proud history. As part of the pre-war expeditionary force it had been commanded by Wavell and had been in the forefront of the introduction of motorized warfare in the British Army. It had fought well in

France. The reconstituted Division arrived in India in May, 1942, at almost the same time that the British and Indian forces were driven out of Burma by the Japanese. Nearly two years later it was still in India, almost as unwelcome to the Indian Army as to the Indian Government, one Brigade, the 6th, having taken part in the Arakan fighting. In March, 1944, it was decided that the Division should be sent to reinforce the Manipur front. The first contingent reached Dimapur on April 1, 1944, where they found little to impress or encourage them. They were given the task of clearing the road to Kohima and resuming the offensive. A relatively inexperienced division could not have had a tougher task. Most of them lacked battle-experience and with it, the battle caution that seasoned soldiers acquire; there can be no doubt about their bravery. Perhaps they were at times slow, but this was no battle to test speed of manoeuvre. They received little credit at the time, for political reasons. Mr. Swinson's account puts the record straight and certainly does not spoil the case by overstatement.

Perhaps this battle, with Imphal, the turning point of the Burma campaign, did more than start the defeat of the Japanese. They may well have killed the Japanese, and suspicion between some parts of the British and Indian armies. Neither could have emerged from the ordeal of Kohima without a heightened respect for the other.

THE DUTCH-PARIS LINE

HERBERT FORD: *Flee the Captor*. Design by Homer Norris. 373pp. Nashville: Southern Publishing Association. \$5.95.

Flee the Captor recounts, largely from his hero's memory, the creation and fall of a sizable escape line called Dutch-Paris, which ran people out of Hitler's western Europe into Switzerland and Spain. It began in 1940, as the work of John Henry Weidner, a devout Seventh-Day Adventist of Dutch origin, brought up in France and Switzerland. Like his father, he was a conscientious objector to all forms of warfare. He began with a few simple acts of charity and compassion. As Nazi and Nazi-dominated oppression grew worse, his activities grew more widespread. In the end he found himself head of an international organization which spent large sums of allied secret service money, carried secret intelligence, and rescued bailed-out airmen as well as moving refugees.

The book shows how easy it was for a self-assured man to bluff his way through many controls and regulations; and yet how difficult the force his way past the occasional stupid, conscientious "functionary" who insisted on doing everything according to rule. It shows too how inexorably people got led on, once they start on secret work, deeper and

deeper into the mire of "the great game", the game in which you can lose everything and are lucky ever to make gains at all.

John Weidner was lucky. He was more than once arrested, and sometimes maltreated; each time he was let out, or escaped. He survived the war, and now sells health foods in Pasadena; secure in his Adventist faith, and in the knowledge that his line saved hundreds of unfortunate lives from the furies of Hitler's S.S. But not all his companions were so lucky: nearly 150 members of the line were arrested of whom a quarter—never came back. They were caught because a single courier who knew too much was arrested, broke down under torture, and told what she knew; and because, not being professionals at secret work, they had not made themselves scarce as soon as they heard of the arrest.

The author and the organizer have compiled the book together. They have made little attempt to tie the line's adventures in to the strategic development of the war, and their tone is unexcited, unboastful, even flat.

ARID LANDS

A Geographical Appraisal. Edited by E. S. Hills.

In 1951 Unesco launched an Arid Zone Programme with the object of promoting scientific research into arid regions and eventually improving living conditions there. The Programme became a Major Project in 1967, and was completed in 1963. This book represents the range of research and gives a general conspectus of arid zone geography. With diagrams, maps and photographs; 75s.

ASIA

A Regional and Economic Geography—Tenth Edition. L. Dudley Stamp.

Extensive revisions have been made of this standard text-book to ensure that the information and statistics provided in it are as accurate and up-to-date as possible. Particular attention has been paid to the chapters on South-East Asia and Indonesia. 75s.

A GEOGRAPHY OF ITALY

—Second Edition

D. S. Wollmer

In this new edition, the only section not rewritten is Part I which traces the major changes in the geography of Italy from its early settlement to the nineteenth century. Other sections which have been expanded and revised include studies of river and coast geography, regional and economic geography. 70s.

VOLPONE

Ben Jonson. Edited by David Cook.

A University Paperback Text containing a full and scholarly introduction and notes on the play that critics have called Jonson's most successful comedy. University Paperback Text 12s 6d.

To be published on 12th January

BANASA INDONESIA FOR BEGINNERS

Poerwanto Danoesoegondo

"I recommend this book as the first to appear presenting Bahasa Indonesia in terms of its structural patterns, with properly prepared consistently graded exercises. This is ideally suited for classroom use at secondary and initial tertiary levels." Professor A. H. Johns, Dean, Faculty of Oriental Studies, Australian National University. Sydney University Press 16s.

FREEDOM IN AUSTRALIA

Enid Campbell and Harry Whitmore

The authors survey in considerable detail the law that relates to civil liberties and individual liberty, discussing such subjects as the administration of vagrancy laws, and court rulings on "obscenity". Sydney University Press 60s.

METHUEN

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

Ruhleben

A Prison Camp Society. J. DAVIDSON KETCHUM.

Foreword by ROBERT B. MACLEOD. This unusual book is an important contribution to social psychology and also an absorbing story of four strange years in a German "Prison" camp of World War I. Frontispiece, 5 text figures. 48s net.

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A Critical Study. W. J. KEITH.

Professor Keith does not exaggerate but quietly and accurately demonstrates Jefferies' strength and relevancy. THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT 42s net.

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Dictionary of Canadian Biography

Volume 1: 1000 to 1700

Edited by GEORGE W. DROWN. The first multi-volume dictionary of Canadian biography is also the first large national dictionary to be issued from the outset in chronological arrangement. Volume 1 includes 394 biographical articles contributed by Canadian scholars. £5 net.

The Incredible War of 1812

A Military History.

J. MACKAY HITSMAN.

Based on a careful reading of official documents and accounts by participants on both sides, this is a history of the war when British North America served as battleground for the struggle between Britain and the United States. 8 plates, 8 text maps. 60s net.

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A Study in Canadian-American Relations.

ALVIN C. GLUCK.

This is a detailed account of the relationship between Canada and the United States in the mid-nineteenth century and of the geographical and trading connections. 4 maps. 60s net.

The Sixth Sense

Individualism in French Poetry 1686-1760.

ROBERT FINCH.

A consideration of a certain group of poets, each of whom provides, in addition to his poems, a complete statement of his own conception of poetry and of that conception of poetry which is common to the group as a whole. 68s net. University of Toronto Romance Series.

Dualities in Shakespeare

MARION BODWELL SMITH.

Examines some of the ways in which Shakespeare's work reflects the pervasive dualities of the Renaissance and the ways in which the dualities find expression in language which for richness of connotation, subtlety of meaning, and range of relevance is the glory of English Literature. 32s net.

A Samaritan State?

External Aid in Canada's Foreign Policy.

KEITH SPICER.

The author, holding that aid is inseparably political in content, pleads for more understanding and sophistication in choosing objectives, methods and problems. 60s net.

MIRRORS OF SOCIETY

ROBERT FURNEAUX JORDAN: *Victorian Architecture*. 278pp. 139 plates. Penguin. 12s. 6d.
JAMES S. ACKERMAN: *Palladio*. 195pp. 96 plates. 12s. 6d. JOHN SUMMERSON: *Inigo Jones*. 149pp. 63 plates. 10s. 6d. The Architect and Society. Penguin.

"Architecture is the mirror of Society." As a reflection of morals and politics it can cause such distortions as: "only Modern is Progressive"; a concept about as valid as "only Gothic is Christian". Criticism of Victorian architecture has too long been clouded by visions of child labour, slums and Land of Hope and Glory. Now tastes are changing. Though the Bauhaus was founded fifty years ago, modern architecture has not yet delivered the promised utopias. A new generation of architects looks back with more sympathy to others who struggled with an earlier industrial revolution and population explosion. Eyes starved of ornament and eclectic skylines a relief from sawn-off blocks, seek escape in that bastard and meaningless word "Victorianism". Hence the need for an inexpensive, responsible book on Victorian-Edwardian architecture.

Professor Furneaux Jordan's paperback has excellent points: readability, strong views, well-chosen illustrations. He makes a clear distinction between Early, High and Late Victorian (to most people "Victorian" still means Butterfield, Scott and Waterhouse); stresses the extraordinary influence of the non-architects, J. M. Neale, Ruskin and Morris. Some dates are a little suspect: Professor Pevsner gives 1853-58, not 1868, for Leeds Town Hall. He approves of the Houses of Parliament, Street's Great Hall at the Law Courts, Pearson churches, St. Pancras Hotel—just. But, having approved, he has to remind his readers that the Victorians were, prigs, snobs and Imperialists. To Professor Furneaux Jordan (born 1905) all roads lead to Frank Lloyd Wright and the years described in his final chapter when the Bauhaus was white. (It is, of course, permissible to admire Wright and Sullivan without being reminded of Chicago stockyards and gangsters.) He tends to judge the quality of Victorian architects by their contribution to modernism. Philip Webb and

Rennie Mackintosh are mainstream. Norman Shaw is not. Voysey is simple but not modern. The functionalism and restraint of his early cottages and vicarages almost qualify Butterfield as a Pioneer of the Modern Movement. Lutyens houses are "a curious monument . . . a gesture from a world where there were still impeccable maids in the servants' hall, glossy hunters in the loose boxes and Peter Pan in the Nursery Wing".

Professor Furneaux Jordan, who now lives in Wiltshire (one hopes his rural retreat owes more to the Bauhaus than Billie Scott), has made a valuable reassessment of Railway Age architecture nearly 100 years after St. Pancras. It is probably not what he would have written thirty years ago.

The Railway Age contributed perhaps three to the half a dozen British architects any well-informed person can name. So far popular books on individual architects have hardly progressed beyond Nash. These will come. Inexpensive books on Palladio and Inigo Jones are rare enough and the first two in the new Pelican series "The Architect and Society" ("presenting the great architects of the world in their cultural and social environments") are most welcome. "Palladio" will be an adjective familiar to the well-informed person, who, improved, might even talk of Chwick, Mereworth and the Villa Rotonda. Andrea di Pietro della Gondola (born Padua 1508) is a shadowy figure and Professor Ackerman (Fine Arts, Harvard) is less concerned with bringing him to life than placing the work of this "most imitated architect in history" in its context. Certainly Palladio was born at the right time and place. He was fortunate in his patrons, the intellectual Trissino and Alvise Comaro, a dilettante architect. Fortunately too in that the new trade with America replacing Venice's trade with the Levant, and also a decaying fleet, were forcing the Venetian aristocracy to look inland

and reclaim the marshlands about the Brenta and Adige, mostly for the cultivation of grain. This new occupation called for villas and farms on the scale of their palazzi along the Grand Canal. The photographs, the chief delight of this short, factual book, show the variety and inventiveness of Palladio's villas. There are also his city palazzi, influenced by Roman styles: a charming tempietto at Maser ("this irreverent child of the Pantheon is more Rococo than Roman"); the Teatro Olimpico, best of all, perhaps, Palladio's churches with their cool, mathematical harmonies—Il Redentore, and San Giorgio Maggiore along the Giudecca.

From Palladio to Inigo Jones is a logical step. Jones, like Palladio, was of humble origin, apprenticed young, fortunate in his patrons; a traveller in Italy where Palladio's *Quattro Libri* first became his architectural guide. Born a decade earlier he might have remained a designer of stage scenery.

Palladio "delighted gentlemen and lords, as well as labourers"; Inigo Jones, though lampooned by Ben Jonson as a pettifogging little Welshman on the make, seems to have known which side his bread was buttered, being employed by kings, queens and princes, and later by the Earl of Pembroke, who supported the Puritan interest, though to do Jones justice he is said to have died of grief at the death of Charles I. Only seven of his forty-five recorded works survive and these have been vigorously restored by others. His Banqueting Hall was completely refaced by Sir John Soane. In this beautifully ordered study of Inigo Jones and his work, Sir John Summerston writes with his usual distinction and dry humour. It is, by the way, permitted to admire Palladio's Loggia del Capitaniato at Vicenza, celebrating the Victory of Lepanto, and Inigo Jones's Banqueting Hall without being distracted by the working conditions of galley-slaves or the Divine Right of Kings.

Alvin Langdon Coburn. *Photographer: An Autobiography*. Edited by Helmut and Alison Gernsheim. 143pp. 64 plates. Faber and Faber. 6s. 6d.

DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN: *Yankee Nomad: A Photographic Odyssey*. 480pp. Private Edition of the Author, printed in Holland.

Coburn's book appeared poignantly just before the author's death at the age of eighty-four. Though its price is high it is well produced and is of both historic and aesthetic worth. The author dedicated his life to photography and achieved a recognized place among the masters of the art. Here are reproduced sixty-four examples of his work, several being of exceptional beauty and proving that photography can be more than "a mirror with a memory".

Born in Boston, Coburn came at last, after many journeys, to a haven among the Welsh hills where he compiled this tale of his life with the editorial help of the photographic historians, Helmut and Alison Gernsheim. His span was long and interesting, not only as an adventurous photographer (fortunately untrammelled by the need to debase his work to a hacking trade) but also in his persistent and successful efforts to portray the features of most of the famous writers and artists of his time. Here are revealed in personal anecdotes and close, unaffected portraits such giants as Mark Twain, Yeats, Wells, John, Epstein, Stravinsky and Shaw (clearly the kindest of men and himself an enthusiastic photographer).

This is not a major work of literature; just a quiet account in plain words of the experiences and travels of a simple human being who was never bored. It is a pity that he did not say more about the methods of his craft, his technical problems and what inspired him to take the photographs he did, because an expert enthusing on his line is rarely dull, even to the layman. But the book was worth publishing not only for the sake of the portraits and other compositions but also as the evocation of an epoch by an individual who possessed the rare gift of visual awareness.

As the autobiography of another American who has devoted his life to photography, Mr. Duncan's book is remarkably different from Coburn's. The two epochs revealed seem centuries apart. Where Coburn's is gentle, leisurely, coherent, unassuming and uncommercial, Mr. Duncan's is swanlike-doodle, restless, sentimental and deeply concerned with the sweet smell of success. Coburn was self-consciously "artistic", but an amateur in the best sense and a fine photographer. Mr. Duncan is a photo-journalist intent on capturing a popular "story" as a member of the new professional caste produced by the advent of the picture magazine. He too, but in a quite different way, is a fine photographer. Both men display a trait which seems to be common among photographers: a certain unquestioning naivety which can be both irritating and endearing.

Unhindered by any philosophical doubts to "wreck the world with pale paralysis", Mr. Duncan has the boundless extrovert energy and enthusiasm which are essential to success in a competitive and exhausting field. Reared as a country-town lad in Missouri, he has travelled the world on his assignments, many for *Life*. He has also produced a number of large picture books, including *This Is War*, *The Kremlin* and *Picasso's Picassos*.

In this latest of his tomes (introduced by John Gunther) are reproduced a pick, in both black and white and colour, of the hundreds of thousands of shots he has taken on his travels. Like Coburn's, Mr. Duncan's tale is no great literary feat and here again sufficient account of his working methods is lacking. Unlike Coburn's, its style is jerky and brashly journalistic, while confusion between captions and the continuity of the author's narrative makes reading difficult. A less "tough" less conformist, more sincere and direct approach, written with half the number of its 100,000 words, would have made this a more mature and interesting book.

PHOTOGRAPHIC

MAN IN THE MASK

C. J. BARTLETT: *Castlereagh*. 292pp. Macmillan. 42s.

Given the limits of the sort of book—the biography based on secondary works—attempted here, the author has done very well indeed. Pre-Union Ireland, the army, the domestic scene in and out of Parliament and foreign affairs, all receive intelligent and invariably coherent coverage. On the first subject, as with several of the others, the correct gist of Castlereagh's approach to it is very well explained without the core of the matter approached being adequately laid bare. Just what the principal Irish difficulties were and just why the Stewarts could be regarded as exceptionally good landlords remain something of a mystery. The absence of any substantial section on local electioneering conditions in County Down and any exposition of the collapse of Protestant national self-assertiveness tend to create that distance between a man and his grassroots so reminiscent of the more old-fashioned type of political biography. Nevertheless, discussion of parliamentary management of the Union issue and the aftermath of the failure by Pitt to follow up a United Kingdom with Catholic Emancipation merit high praise.

Castlereagh's dealings with the military, a much more limited affair, are uniformly well handled, but though his attitudes to his time on the home front receive considerable scrutiny, the actual things he thought and felt about often remain tantalizingly vague. Moreover, the author would appear sometimes to have relied upon secondary sources of doubtful merit in assessing the parliamentary scene and the best pieces on party politics crop up intermittently in the chapters on foreign affairs. Groupings in Parliament undoubtedly existed which centred on particular individuals, and large numbers of the county members were certainly of a markedly independent disposition. Yet the basic Tory and Whig principles essential to navigation through the sea of honourable connections should not have been so neglected. Pitt created a new Tory party and with all their show of independence most of the country gentlemen were simply unattached Tories. Evidence used by the author himself about their dislike of Whig and Radical principles proves as much. Certainly party structure was not the same in the Perceval-Liverpool era as a little later on. Nevertheless, it was not all a matter of personalities, as an untutored reader of this text might come to think. Then, too, while particular points about Castlereagh's reputation are extremely well argued, what constituted liberal Toryism in the post-1822 years is never properly analysed. Any form of change is

somehow regarded as being liberal, a form of crudity we could well have done without. On the other hand, enough evidence and argument on domestic questions have been produced to exonerate Castlereagh from being regarded as a malicious and unfeeling reactionary—an exercise well worth the effort. The way in which most public figures were out of their depth in face of current developments is splendidly brought out and in establishing a much-improved sense of proportion about Castlereagh the author has rendered historical study no small service.

Foreign affairs were Castlereagh's true forte and the author shares this distinction. Not only are the secondary sources, themselves often of a high order, fully exploited and the "Great Power" nature of the great man's "New Diplomacy" stressed with commendable frequency, but the actual power structure of foreign policy is also properly explained. Here the author's understanding of military and naval matters has been of immense use. So rarely is this fundamental aspect of international relations given its due that it must be enthusiastically pin-pointed. The whole war and peacemaking periods make for satisfying reading and the only flaw in the post-Waterloo phase concerns the Near East, where British concern for security in the Mediterranean is somewhat post-dated. The notorious Orkney incident would appear to have been forgotten. What is implied, though not stated, is that Castlereagh tried to take into the international arena that give and take between great forces which made constitutionalism possible in Britain. A statement to this effect would have added still more distinction to an already impressive aspect of this book.

Overall, Castlereagh emerges as a flexible conservative who generally speaking based his actions on what he considered expedient. "Counsels of the heart" were usually subjected to control by the "dictates of his understanding". He was a cold man in action, yet to achieve this obviously had to school himself and use up vast reserves of nervous energy, for he was not a cold man at heart. Hence the tensions within him and hence the ultimate imbalance of his mind. But great though the admiration and sympathy he can and should command from posterity, the fact remains that on the "Condition of England" question he shared with most of his colleagues in the Liverpool government and many of his Whig opponents a chronic lack of understanding of his times. Putting Castlereagh into perspective is well enough. Let us not make perspective into whitewash.

FULL FIFTY YEARS

H. HEARDER: *Europe in the Nineteenth Century, 1830-1880*. 403pp. Longmans. 35s.

Producing a good all-round general account of any period of European history is a difficult and seldom won. Of the times when complications most abounded, the years covered by H. Hearder are certainly among the most taxing to unravel and explain with any real success. By and large, however, this particular experiment has come off. There is no serious gap in the topics touched upon and the introductory chapters on sources and political ideas are difficultly good. Of the other more generalized sections of the book only that on "Diplomacy and Wars" could fairly be said to veer towards the superficial. Its talk of power factors is not followed up by a proper analysis of what these were at given points of crucial international friction or spans of international good will. No convincing attempt is made to explain the working of something like the "Concert of Europe", though quite ambitious claims—claims many would question—are made for its past usefulness.

Treatment of particular countries is of somewhat more patchy quality. Britain is usually dealt with in a manner both pleasing and misleading, especially during the pre-Gladstone years, though the role of the Irish question as a pacemaker in United Kingdom politics is almost totally obscured from view. The ways in which popular opinion infiltrated to

TO THE BITTER END

COLIN CROSS: *Philip Snowden*. 356pp. Barrie and Rockliff. £2 10s.

The tragedy of statesmen is to survive their Ministerial cars. Where once they commanded troops of secretaries, they fumble with telephone dials and peer at books of fourpenny stamps; no more the top-hatted station-master, gone the V.I.P. lounge—they queue awkwardly for trains and aeroplanes, remembering past glories. After the trumpets of the Commons, the ear-trumpets of the Lords.

Mr. Cross's life of Snowden is the record of one such statesman, a man who outlived the fervour of a Socialist youth and died in loneliness, exasperated by his former friends and unable posthumously to summon enough attention from his later friends for a Snowden Memorial Fund. That Philip Snowden should now attract Mr. Cross's interest has, perhaps, the same historic reason as the one which encouraged Mr. Shaw, Lord Ailes and Mr. Harold Wilson to celebrate so generously the centenary of Ramsay MacDonald's birth. Both MacDonald and Snowden were regarded in the 1930s as traitors to the Labour Movement with a vehemence which would make some Socialist descriptions of Rhodesia's rebel leaders sound like eulogy.

The two men were hated with such intensity in 1931 because they had been loved with such intensity in 1930. Socialism was more than a party policy after the First World War; it was a faith, a cause, a religion. And Snowden and MacDonald, by joining with the Tory and Liberal enemy in 1931, produced an apostasy trauma in the Labour Movement which took thirty-five years to heal.

What Mr. Cross does show, however, is that Snowden, despite his rejection in 1931, is the ideological father of the Labour Party today.

AUSTRALIAN ARISTOCRAT

LORD CASEY: *Australian Father and Son*. 188pp. Collins. 36s.

"This is rather an eventful year for me", R. G. Casey senior blithely wrote early in 1888, "—three [sheep] stations to look after—politics—mining—and some horse racing."

We do not learn quite enough from R. G. Casey junior's pleasant memoir of his father (and paternal grandfather) to judge whether the order was significant, but the list does give a fair impression of the range of his father's activities throughout his life, and he seems to have attended to each conscientiously. His own father, Cornelius Gavin Casey was a Liverpool Irishman (a merchant's son) who studied medicine at Trinity College, Dublin, and who migrated spiritually from the Roman Catholic to the Anglican church and bodily from the Limerick Cholera Hospital to Tasmania, where he arrived in 1833. He began his career as an assistant surgeon at the Port Arthur penal settlement and ended it as a C.P. in a genteel seaside suburb of Melbourne.

As a sketch of the making of the Australian gentleman (as well as, incidentally, of the making of an Australian Governor-General) compiling *Australian Father and Son* has certainly been a well worth-while exercise. Admittedly R. G. senior once denied being a gentleman, but this was during an altercation over possession of some railway carriage seats; accused of being no gentleman he grandly replied: "Surely neither of us would make any such outrageous pretension." It is quite evident from what we learn of his clubs, his tailoring and his racemasters that he did indeed have just such pretensions. But he saw no contradiction between that status and hard-headedly managing three sheep stations simultaneously through searing, heart-breaking Queensland droughts and waging war against rabbit and kangaroo. He eventually had his reward with a directorship of Goldsborough Mort as well as of the Mount Morgan and other mining companies. The standing of the family was never again in doubt.

He was no intellectual, interested, apart from horse racing, only in practical problems of business; he was one of the first Australians to try mechanical shearing and perhaps the most impressive foresight he ever showed concerned the growing menace of the rabbit. Politically he was predictably a conservative, though he once declared that "the names Con-

servative and Liberal have no significance in this colony—there is very little difference between them". And he was right.

The delight Lord Casey takes in publicly celebrating his forebears is itself interesting, because it is shared with a remarkable and increasing number of more or less genteel Australian families. One can only speculate whether it has something to do with nostalgia for family traditions in a nation whose colonists were all uprooted from Europe during the past 180 years—many of them forcibly. That might also help to explain Lord Casey's innocent remark that, when he finished reading his father's and grandfather's correspondence and diaries, "I breathed a sigh of relief that nothing shameful had come to light—and a certain amount that one could be proud of."

Although he is careful to eschew "a panegyric" and gently indicates some of his father's faults, his admiration shines clearly and touchingly throughout. This may be all the better for all students in these fields will need to consult the important collection of family papers on which he has so devotedly drawn, and all three more than the beauty and gentleness of his mother established. This is a pity because her family was no less interesting than his father's. Her maternal grandfather had been Premier of Queensland and her wedding to Casey was one of the most brilliant in the history of nineteenth-century Brisbane. Lord Casey quotes his father's description of the occasion ("a tremendous affair") but does not mention that not long after this sumptuous gesture the bride's father, George Harris, went bankrupt, an event no less spectacular in Queensland history. More about the Harris family and fewer miscellaneous facts and glosses concerning the historical background would have been welcome.

But this is a modest essay, not a full-scale biography and there may well be a case for more detailed studies of some aspects of R. G. senior's career. Thoroughgoing research into Queensland politics of the period and the pastoral and mining industries may, in any case, qualify Lord Casey's judgments. Under-educating all students in these fields will need to consult the important collection of family papers on which he has so devotedly drawn, and all three more than the beauty and gentleness of his mother established. This is a pity because her family was no less interesting than his father's. Her maternal grandfather had been Premier of Queensland and her wedding to Casey was one of the most brilliant in the history of nineteenth-century Brisbane. Lord Casey quotes his father's description of the occasion ("a tremendous affair") but does not mention that not long after this sumptuous gesture the bride's father, George Harris, went bankrupt, an event no less spectacular in Queensland history. More about the Harris family and fewer miscellaneous facts and glosses concerning the historical background would have been welcome.

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SHEM THE PENMAN PUTS IT DOWN

Letters of James Joyce. Edited by Richard Ellmann. Volume II, 472pp.

"You will find, dear, that I am not a bad man. I am a poor impulsive, selfish, generous, selfless, jealous, disaffected kind-natured poet but I am not a bad deceitful person," wrote Joyce to his wife Nora in 1909, and that seems to have been a truthful portrait of the artist as a young husband; nor does the outline change much until these letters end in 1941. The words occur in the remarkable series of letters written to Nora in that year, which form the most interesting part of this magnificent new edition. Some have been quoted in part in Mr. Ellmann's biography, where their significance is fully appreciated and commented on (a reader is unlikely to find anywhere in these volumes important evidence that Mr. Ellmann has missed). Two of the series are omitted altogether and eight others have been cut, since as the editor writes "it has . . . been impossible, in spite of much effort, to overcome the several obstacles to total publication." If this is unfortunate for scholarship, it is perhaps fortunate for the sensibilities of all but the toughest-minded readers. These letters are in any case fully available in Cornell University Library, and when read in manuscript are likely to make a more sympathetic though no less devastating impression than they would make in gold print.

They alternate disconcertingly between brutality and tenderness, between a travesty of the lyrical passages of the most scatological and fetishistic passages of *Ulysses*. Some are in a hilarious Rabelaisian style (Joyce had at all times a comic genius) but others are unconsciously funny because of the ludicrous shifts of subject and tone. They prove beyond all doubt that Joyce put himself entirely into Leopold Bloom: the most outrageous fantasies of the "Circe" chapter can be paralleled in these letters, while Bloom's obsession with his cuckooing grew out of Joyce's quite unjustified suspicions of Nora's infidelity in 1909. Bloom, of course, never thinks of reproaching his wife as cruelly as Joyce does: he takes over Joyce's generosity and kindness, which were very real, while Stephen Dedalus receives some of the cold ruthlessness evident in the letter-

Volume III, 584pp. Faber and Faber. Two volumes, £12 12s.

thereafter, as is recorded here: Bogner 1923, Torquay 1929, and, crown of felicity for the most ingenious mind of the century, Llandudno 1930 and 1931. He remained mildly pro-English, took a flat in London and would have kept it on if he could have afforded to, and he paid this country the compliment of one of his rare political judgments (July 30, 1934, to Giorgio and Helen):

It is or should be patent that the conduct of public affairs in all the great countries of the world between Russia and America both included makes stupid, boring, irritating, backward England seem like a land still inhabited by non-bloodthirsty homines sapiens.

—surely a tribute from the Bloom of "Cyclops".

The letters written before 1913 account for only one third of the new material: the remainder is very much the same in scope as the selection edited by Mr. Stuart Gilbert in 1937 (and now known retrospectively as Volume I). There are numerous business letters to agents and publishers, which again show the enormous difficulties in getting anything, even *Dubliners*, published; there are further letters to and from Miss Harriet Weaver, which throw more light on her immense generosity; and there is more about Joyce's eye operations and family troubles. A small but notable exception to this familiar round is formed by the four letters to Martha Fleischmann, written in 1918 in French and German, and now published for the first time with a note by their discoverer, Professor Heinrich Straumann of Zurich. They record a bizarre Platonic affair, or rather voyeur's experience, which is the biographical germ of the Nausicaa (Gerty MacDowell) episode and of Bloom's clandestine correspondence with his Martha. They are prose poems, and as such one of them has received from Christopher Middleton the sensitive translation that it deserves:

I imagine a misty evening to myself. I am waiting—and I see you coming towards me, dressed in black, young, strange, and gentle. I look into your eyes, and my eyes tell you that I am a poor seer in this world, that I understand nothing of my destiny, nor of the destiny of others, that I have lived and sinned and created, and that

one day I shall leave, having understood nothing in the darkness which gave birth to both of us.

This is a moving addition to the canon of Joyce's imaginative works.

The other letters of maturity reveal little of Joyce's inner life, though they again demonstrate his self-absorption, his powers of concentration and the serious cost in physical and mental terms of his efforts. What is lacking in these new volumes is a continuation of the running commentary on the writing of *Ulysses*, which he sent Frank Budgen in 1920-21, and on that of *Finnegans Wake*, with which he recompensed the not wholly approving Miss Weaver between 1923 and 1931. These are the most valuable clues to the works that we possess. But in this as in other respects the cream was skimmed from Joyce's correspondence by Stuart Gilbert in 1937. Only a few new pieces of information have come to light, the most interesting of which concern Joyce's fascination with songs and singing. He wrote a good deal to his son Giorgio, advising him on his repertoire, sometimes quoting complete texts, as of "The Croppy Boy" which is sung in the "Circe" chapter of *Ulysses*. (Not in the "Circe" chapter as the footnote on III, 341 states, although the Croppy Boy himself does make a brief appearance in "Circe"—this minor slip is the only error of annotation so far noted.) It is also useful to learn that Joyce set a passage of *Finnegans Wake* to the rhythms of William Bird's "Woods so wild"; and this suggests that many other passages are formed on specific musical patterns. Possibly a reader with a good ear for rhythm could discover some of these by studying Joyce's use of the gramophone records which he mentions owning in the 1920s. There is certainly still much to be learnt about the way he wove a tissue of songs into the text.

But these are meagre findings compared with the riches of the 1957 selection. Hence it is all the more regrettable that the letters of the first volume have not been completely re-edited and inserted in their correct sequence. As it is, the reader has to keep making cross-references between the volumes to find out what is hap-

pening at any given period. But a more serious complaint is that the first volume was not edited at anything like the level of professional competence shown by Mr. Ellmann, who has modestly forborne to point out its obvious failings. Many of the texts were left incomplete, for example, the salutations were omitted, giving the impression that Joyce ended his letters abruptly and dis- courteously, whereas except when writing to Stanislaus or Budgen he was careful to end with a polite "sincerely yours" or suchlike. A comparison of two letters repeated in the new volumes shows how much difference even small omissions can make, but there seem to have been longer cuts apart from those made deliberately by Miss Weaver. Again, Mr. Gilbert did not always transcribe correctly, as a look at the facsimiles in Volume I will show. Admittedly Joyce's later hand is difficult and has caused other transcribers to go astray; but it is not quite confident that Mr. Ellmann has deciphered it correctly. The first volume rarely printed letters addressed to Joyce: the last volumes give where available his complete correspondence, as with proper edition should; and this includes some very striking letters from Eliot, Pound and others. Joyce often wrote to his family in Italian and French, German and even Danish on occasion: Mr. Gilbert gives only translations, Mr. Ellmann the original texts with translations in the footnotes. The footnoting and indexing of Volume I also left much to be desired; those of Volumes II and III are wholly admirable except in so far as they only incidentally refer back to Volume I. Presumably the cost of resetting the whole correspondence in sequence in three volumes would have been prohibitive; yet some day it must be attempted if the edition is to be a fitting monument to the learned and obsessive genius of Shem the Penman. Only when set out in this way will these letters show how the gross and trivial events of Joyce's daily life were transubstantiated into what Stephen calls "the eternal affirmation of the spirit of man in literature".

HART CRANE IN HIS OWN WAY

The Letters of Hart Crane 1916-1932. Edited by Brom Weber. 426pp.

It is curious that Hart Crane's *Complete Poems* have never been readily available in Great Britain. Despite his frequently "Swinburnian" lapses, his confusions and his sentimentality in those poems that do not win free of their chaotic occasions, he remains one of the most powerful and original poets of the century. His case is fascinating for several paradoxical reasons: his poetry is as highly sophisticated as his formal education was incomplete and poor; the complexity he aimed at for largely defensive purposes is never wholly pretentious; chiefly influential as a "modernist", he is in fact a prime exponent of the romantic tradition. In her autobiography Mrs. Mary Colum records, rather unsympathetically, how she found him, at the age of seventeen, almost incredibly raw and ignorant, pronouncing Rimbaud "Rimbood" and amazed that anyone could actually read French. The difference between this youth and the author of the most ambitious epic of the age, *The Bridge*, is worth investigating.

Crane's letters are a record of the genesis of a poet, the flowering of a romantic sensibility, in spite of (or because of?) the obstacles of a totally inadequate education, a dynamic, ruthlessly philistine father, a whining, selfish, feebly Christian Scientist mother, literary friends most of whom were of markedly inferior calibre, and an unhappily neurotic temperament. At the same time, tragically, they chart the disintegration of a personality. As Crane drove himself ever more violently to self-expression in poetry, so his control over his homosexual and alcoholic compulsions diminished. He confessed to his friend William Wright in 1926 that

I don't seem to be able to relax—and knowing quite well all the time that most of my energy is wasted in a kind of inward combustion that is sheer nonsense. All else seems bothersome, however, so I must continue to kill myself in my own way.

University of California Press. London: Cambridge University Press.

By the end of 1931 he was in Mexico, unable to write, and in a psychopathic condition that alternated between complete drunkenness (accompanied by the usual scandals) and remorseful despair. Then an unexpected and wholly successful heterosexual love-affair gave him new hope, and impelled him to write what is probably his finest poem, "The Broken Tower". If Crane jumped rather than fell from the stern of the S.S. Orizaba in April, 1932, then this seems to have been through shame at a reversion to old behaviour patterns. His compulsion "to kill myself in my own way" proved too strong.

This melodramatic background is in one sense distracting. It led to the drawing of parallels between Crane and Dylan Thomas—less gifted poet whose own letters show a coarsely self-indulgent attitude towards his drinking habits and the havoc they caused. Yet, if the fact of Crane's mental instability (for it can be called nothing less) be forgotten, the most instructive parallel—provided that, for obvious reasons, it is not drawn too closely—is Keats. Like Keats, Crane began, if in a more evidently "ignorant" way, with a Longinian ideal of specifically poetic "greatness"; and, again like Keats, he soon realized the need to express his romanticism in wholly contemporary terms. Just as Keats appraised Wordsworth, so he appraised Eliot—the history of his attitude towards him is one of the most interesting aspects of these letters. He recognized Eliot's profound importance as an innovator, but was dissatisfied with the content of his poetry; there are at least resemblances in Keats's attitude towards Wordsworth.

Crane has recently been characterized as "not very intelligent". The letters show this to be an imprecise and too hasty judgment. His insight into his own condition was certainly not less than intelligent; and if his

£2. (Paperback, 19s. 6d.)

intellectualism—for example, his concern with "metaphysics"—is only apparent, and was self-deluding, it is nevertheless not an affectation. As L. S. Dembo has incidentally demonstrated (*Hart Crane's Sanscrit Charge: A Study of "The Bridge"*) it does have a meaning, even if that meaning is intuitive rather than purely intellectual. Again, his comments on other poets are seldom wild, and never without some kind of insight. He never displays the kind of stupidity associated with lack of intelligence. For those bred on the legend of Crane's absolute wildness (the poet who could only work to jazz or factory noise) and naivety, the coherence with which he expressed his views on poetry to such friends as Yvor Winters, Allen Tate

and others will come as a surprise. He was "intelligent" enough to warn Yvor Winters as early as 1927, when praising his "general attitude": "Watch out . . . you don't straggle yourself with some countermethod of your own."

Professor Weber's edition of the letters was first published by the firm of Hermite House (its founder, Gorham Munson, was an early and close friend of Crane's) in 1952; it is now reprinted without alteration. It is by no means complete: not all Crane's letters to his father are included (in severe and not obviously explicable loss), and there are many frustrating lacunae. Doubtless some or many of these were necessary; one cannot know under exactly what difficulties Professor Weber laboured,

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THE PLEASURE IS MUTUAL

MARGARET LANE: *Purely for Pleasure*. 234pp. Hamish Hamilton. 30s.

The assembling of a writer's fugitive pieces can often prove a test for the writer concerned. It is a test from which Miss Margaret Lane, in this collection, emerges with flying colours. Many of the pieces included here have been met with before in various journals, notably the *parerga* that arose from her admirable (full-length) studies of the Brontës and of Beatrix Potter, and it is an excellent thing that they should now be available to us again in a more permanent and portable form.

Miss Lane is extraordinarily well-equipped for the writing of biographical miniatures of this kind: she has a very sound taste for personal and literary quality; she has style and humour; best of all, she has enthusiasm. She is at one and the same time accurate about her facts, and imaginative in the best sense in her interpretation of them. She also possesses the rare gift of being able

to say something new on a subject that has been pretty thoroughly covered already; witness in this volume her essay discussing Jane Austen's astonishing capacity for evoking domestic atmospheres with little or no direct description.

The best things in this collection are also the longest. Her account of Charlotte Brontë's husband, Mr. Nicholls, is a small classic in its own right; her investigation of the career of Flora Thompson, the author of *Lark Rise*, is almost all we have on the subject; her tribute to Dr. R. W. Chapman (which first appeared in these columns) is a model of the way in which such things should be done.

There would seem to be three essays in this book that have not been published before. One is a brief but extremely moving account of the immurement in the brick jungle of West London of the singular, gentle, and . . .

others deal with that remarkable woman the Methodist Countess of Huntingdon, and with her still more remarkable relative, the mad and murderous Earl-Ferrers. The essay on the Methodist Countess, in spite of the author's modest disclaimer in her introduction, is brilliant and memorable, almost as good in its way as the Mr. Nicholls.

Though one cannot but regret a little the somewhat flavourless title Miss Lane has chosen for her book, it has at least one merit—its complete accuracy. Every essay here can be read with pleasure, the keen pleasure that comes from watching an intelligent and difficult feat carried out with apparent ease and insouciance. The essays in this book that have not been published before. One is a brief but extremely moving account of the immurement in the brick jungle of West London of the singular, gentle, and . . .

FREUD AND FREUDOLATORS

Sigmund Freud und Lou Andreas-Salomé: Briefwechsel. 295pp. 2 plates. Frankfurt: Fischer Verlag. DM. 24.

GEORG GRODDECK: *Psychoanalytische Schriften zur Psychosomatik*. Ausgewählt und herausgegeben von Günter Clauser. 394pp. Wiesbaden: Limes Verlag. DM. 36.50.MARTIN ROBERT: *The Psychoanalytic Revolution*. Sigmund Freud's Life and Achievement. Translated by Kenneth Morgan. 396pp. Allen and Unwin. 55s.

A man who has been well psycho-analysed may be expected to have in consequence a shrewd insight into his own motives and conduct, and into other people's. If so, Freud was denied the privilege: he was not analysed, it was open to him only to start an apostolic succession. If he had been analysed by someone else, he might have acquired a clearer vision of the character of some of his disciples and averted the disquisitions which rent the movement. As it was, he misjudged many of his early followers—Jung, Adler, Stekel, Rank, Reich and others of lesser note. He glowed with delight at their admirable qualities at the start, but discerned in them gross failings and base or pathological motives after their defection. There were some, however, who never lost his trust and never transgressed or faltered. Chief among these in Freud's regard was Lou Andreas-Salomé: "unshaken, unswayed, untimid, her loyalty she kept, her love, her zeal". It could hardly have been predicted in the early days. To read her diary and her letters is to fear the worst. She frequently Adler's evening discussions, she points to inconsistencies in Freud's published views, the misspells his name and gives him her husband's initials. But the storm never breaks. Freud does not waver in his immense respect and liking for her during an acquaintance—still more, a correspondence—spread over nearly a quarter of a century.

She was an exceptional woman. To have had intense love affairs with Nietzsche and Rilke and to have been treated as an intellectual equal by Martin Buber sufficiently singles her out from the common run of women writers, rates her peers as the Mme. de Staël of psychoanalysis. Her correspondence with Freud gives a pleasing impression of the affectionate warmth that can pervade the exchanges between these two gifted people, so dissimilar in background and human relations. But it is not easy to picture in these letters the way which so impressed Freud and led Abraham, introducing him to Freud's notice in 1912, to say that he had never encountered such penetrating and detail understanding of psychoanalysis as she showed. The reader, like his dutiful way through her spoliations,

is forced to conclude that Freud had a ready appetite for profuse and often cloudy theorizing, if it came from someone he liked and trusted. His correspondents' outpourings never went unanswered or charitably by-passed—though his answers were relatively short—and he always took up her points seriously. He more than once expressed indebtedness to her for her suggestions. Her adulation did not seem to cloy him, probably because she was sincere and devoted, and because he found her (as he said in an obituary notice) devoid of all feminine weaknesses.

Anybody who came to know her well got a very strong impression of the harmoniousness and authenticity of her being, discovering with astonishment that every feminine weakness, and possibly most human ones too, were unknown to her or had been overcome in the course of her life. Hero-worshippers like Lou Andreas-Salomé were to be found not only in the small circle of Freud's intimates and avowed adherents but also among contemporaries who had seen the light through reading Freud's books or had discovered that his views were wholly consonant with their independently formed theories and conclusions. The most profuse and extreme, if not fanatical, of these was Georg Groddeck, an enthusiast and Freudolator who ranged himself with the psychoanalysts through his convictions and ideas went boldly ahead of Freud's. The confidence with which he asserted the psychological origins of organic disease and its curability by psychoanalytical treatment went too far for Freud and Jones, but not for the less critical Hungarian analyst, Ferenczi. A pamphlet which Freud recommended to Lou Andreas-Salomé with the large reservation that it plainly revealed Groddeck's mysticism and his tendency to exaggerate and oversimplify, was acclaimed by Ferenczi as a courageous effort to apply psychoanalysis, leading to new points of view and providing factual evidence of cures effected by such treatment of humours, goitre, gout and tuberculosis.

The essays selected by Dr. Clauser date from 1917 onwards, and betray in their tumultuous argument, interpretations, and snippets of case-history the way Groddeck thought, his

blurred use of some of Freud's key concepts, and the extravagant lengths to which he pushed his notions of psychosomatic interplay. He would have found his most congenial company among the sixteenth-century vitalists, men like Paracelsus and Stahl. The distinction which Freud drew between his use and Groddeck's of the concept which they called the "It" is revealing: for Groddeck the "It" is the all-powerful determining influence, the shaping and creative encephalic which controls our growth and all our functions, "the unknown power by which we are lived"; for Freud the "It" is the least accessible part of our personality, the non-Ego region of the mind, filled with instinctual energy but unorganized and utterly indifferent to moral or other values. It is not surprising that Freud shied away from the mysticism of his overbold and touchy admirer.

The troubled story of the beginnings of psychoanalysis evokes sympathy for Freud and admiration for the patience with which he met the problems his associates so often created for him. "No one should be surprised," as Martin Robert puts it, that the first generation of psychoanalysts included so many who were unbalanced, socially maladjusted or even suffering from serious physical disturbances. . . . Psycho-analysis offered at once an outlet and intellectual sustenance to gifted minds who, through ignorance or lack of opportunity, had been unable to use their talents, or to highly strung, unstable people who saw a chance of escaping their fate.

Martha Robert's history of the struggles and vicissitudes of the movement is a biography of Freud; when he dies, she closes the account, for he and his creation have become inseparable. It is a readable, arresting biography she offers us, but it has been told before and she is heavily indebted to Ernest Jones. She allows herself some surprising outbursts. Janet, for example, is traduced in a passage asserting that "in France, medicine in general always took its lead from the malevolent, even dishonest criticism [of Freud] which Pierre Janet had made his speciality since the time of Charcot." She also misconstrues the tone and implications of the exchanges between Freud and Groddeck in May, 1917.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY

JOHN ANTHONY PARR and ROBERT A. YOUNG: *Health, Happiness and Survival*. 247pp. Heinemann. 25s.

The dustcover describes the authors of this curiously mixed job as "B.B.C. doctor on the T.V. programme and medical columnist" and a lay journalist. The first chapters, dealing with infancy, childhood and adolescence, are admirable, packed full of sound common sense. The only two points on which the authors might be taken up are the depreciation of any active sports to encourage a child to save energy, and the peculiar statement that physical exercise is a MUST for girls. With the implication that it is for girls. Otherwise these introductory chapters are commendably brief and obviously written by someone with first-hand knowledge of infants and children in health and ill.

The rest of the book is a distinctly lower level—almost if the two authors had not been so agree on what should be said and how it should be said—with a jilting compromise that is far from satisfactory. Thus, there is the usual statement that the "on particles" in the atmosphere are responsible for the high incidence of chronic bronchitis in this city. There will be some disagreement about the suggestion that modern life follows the example of their Victorian and Edwardian grandmothers and quieten their noisome oases by filling them up with chloroform. Much more to be deprecated because it can be so dangerous the suggestion that there is a fairly direct correlation between amount of alcoholic liquor one drinks and the amount of alcohol in the blood. This is a fallacy, as is going to lead a lot of motor-into trouble unless it is killed by will. Almost equally misleading

the emphasis laid on reduction in the consumption of fats in slimming diets. Carbohydrates are the culprits in the vast majority of cases—not fats.

The section on neuroses is curiously complex, with a classification that can only cause anxiety to the layman, and the section on pesticides

and food additives is unbalanced—pitched on a high emotional note that is carefully avoided throughout the rest of the book.

All in all, with the exceptions of the first five chapters, this is not a particularly valuable addition to the already large number of books on health education.

PSYCHIATRIST AMONG THE SAGES

MAMMO BOSS: *A Psychiatrist Discovers India*. Translated by Henry A. Frey. 192pp. Oswald Wolff. 31s. 6d.

Professor Boss, who is Professor of Psychotherapy in the Faculty of Medicine of Zurich University, has a high reputation in Britain, Germany and Austria among the leaders of his profession. In this important book he sets out the results of his investigation into the relevance to western psychiatric practice of the psychological assumptions of oriental sages and saints. He quickly came to the conclusion that many translations of Indian philosophical works into western languages lose much of their thought-content because the translators try to fit them into a western philosophical framework; and he used the opportunities afforded him by invitations to the Medical Schools of Lucknow and Jaipur to follow the only true path to wisdom which the East knows—namely, to sit at the feet of, and to learn from, the men who have made notable progress along it.

He found that the Indian socio-political system and the philosophies upon which it is based provide an element of spiritual support and security which the west has largely lost. This gives a meaning to life, and obviates the sense of frustration which is so formidable an element in the

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psychosomatic illnesses of Europe and America. Moreover, Indian psychological investigations, pursued over millennia rather than centuries, have avoided the fragmentation of outlook and the egocentric standpoints which shape so much western psychology. More remarkable still, Professor Boss found that the principles of western psychiatric practice have been known for centuries in India, where they are regarded as a useful but quite elementary preliminary to the higher spheres of spiritual investigation. At one stage in his studies, the author seriously wondered whether he would not have to overhaul his entire stock of psychotherapeutic knowledge, or even to give up entirely the practice of psychiatry; but his instructors advised him to persist in "perfecting what was, from their point of view, preliminary" treatment (however useful to the west) and to employ the deeper knowledge that had come to him to increase his own receptivity for the benefit of his patients. Apart from his importance as a contribution to psychotherapy, this book throws much light upon the Indian outlook on human life.

MEDICINE MEN

J. B. LYONS: *The Citizen Surgeon*. 305pp. Peter Dawson. £2 2s.KENNETH DEWHURST: *Dr. Thomas Sydenham, 1624-1689*. 191pp. Wellcome Historical Medical Library. 35s.

A new study of Victor Horsley is more than overdue: Stephen Paget's official biography was written in 1918 and the past fifty years have seen so many changes of opinion and such great advances in all branches of medicine, and none so much as that branch, neurosurgery, that it is useful to look again at this unique figure in medical history.

Horsley was more than a great surgeon and experimenter: he was also an active and violent politician, with a burning wish to improve mankind. This often brought him into collision with the leaders of his profession and did his reputation as a surgeon and a scientist some harm. But, as Dr. Lyons points out, "his science and politics must not be viewed as an unfortunate dichotomy. They were complementary, and the latter a means to an end." In preparing his work on Horsley Dr. Lyons has not tried to rival or emulate Paget's massive biography, but by writing in a lighter and easier style he has managed to give a more understandable and likeable picture of his subject.

Abandoning an early enthusiasm for an Army career, Horsley soon found enjoyment and satisfaction in medicine, and it was not long before he was attracted to experimental work and in particular to work on the brain and central nervous system. By this means he early placed himself on the path that was to lead to his being, at a comparatively early age, the founder of modern brain-surgery. But before he allowed himself finally to become dedicated to this particular type of work, Horsley had helped to elucidate the functions of the thyroid gland and had assisted in persuading the authorities to accept Pasteur's work on rabid dogs which led to the elimination of rabies in this country.

Early in his life Horsley found that alcohol did not suit him and that even small quantities made him sleepy. Typically, therefore, he embraced the cause of total abstinence with enthusiasm and acquired a considerable notoriety as a leader in this work; as a result, he was considered by many to be a tiresome crank, but this in no wise upset Horsley. In 1912 Lloyd George's National Insurance scheme aroused great antagonism among members of the British Medical Association, but Horsley saw at once that the advantages of the scheme enormously outweighed any disadvantages.

Mr. Lloyd George's measure in reality does more to secure the progress of National Welfare and towards forwarding class peace and a more complete distribution of wealth than any direct legislation can possibly do.

The chief source of social misery is the impoverishment of the nation by sickness. . . .

wrote Horsley at that time. With his usual enthusiasm he flung himself wholeheartedly into the battle, which culminated, for him, in being shouted down by angry doctors at a crowded meeting in the Queen's Hall in 1913.

Shortly after this, war broke out and Horsley, after one or two minor jobs in France and elsewhere, was sent, although a man of sixty, with the rank of Colonel to inspect medical services in Mesopotamia. Here, in 1916, he died of paratyphoid fever. That a man of Horsley's position and calibre should have been sent on what was almost a routine job makes almost astounding sense. He should have been properly employed in organizing a service for the treatment of head injuries and wounds which were beginning to assume alarming proportions on the Western front. It is difficult not to wonder whether his outspokenness and pugna-ness

may not have made him unpopular and feared among those who arrange these matters.

Dr. Lyons has done his work well and has left his readers with a vivid sketch of a great surgeon and experimenter who was at the same time an enthusiast of the kind that the establishment always wishes were just a little bit farther away than they are. As Victor Horsley's life ended with a war, so Thomas Sydenham's life can be said to have begun with one. In 1642, when he was seventeen years of age and had spent only two months at Magdalen College, Oxford, the Civil War broke out and he left to join his family, with the Parliamentary forces, in Dorset. It was not until the Restoration that Sydenham, guided by his friend Robert Boyle, settled down to medical practice and in a short time, by means of recording what he saw and by his accurate and acute observations of his patients, as opposed to the usual adherence to ancient and petrified theories, started medicine on that clinical course that it has followed ever since.

Dr. Dewhurst has written an interesting account of Sydenham's professional life and quotes details of the treatment he gave to many of his patients. For many it was simple homely remedies that he used; he was a great believer in the curative effect of horse-riding "unless contraindicated by old age or renal calculus". Accubitus, or revitalizing elderly sick persons by close physical contact with a young person or animal, was a widely used treatment of great antiquity, dating back at least to the time of King David, and Sydenham found it of use: this may, however, be just another example of the fact that the natural end of most diseases is towards resolution. But most of his observations and treatments show how much he relied on what he saw and felt and on the experience he had acquired over years of practice. Sydenham's thought was much influenced by his friendship with John Locke, whose inquiring and acute mind was a constant stimulus to him. It is often difficult to write about the work of early doctors because there is no evidence in the way of case books to help an understanding of their work. This is usually the result of the doctor himself not being interested enough in what he saw, or felt, or heard to have bothered to record it.

Dr. Dewhurst concludes his book by reprinting ten of Sydenham's original publications and such of his correspondence as has survived. The medical essays are written in agreeably simple, straightforward English, and to be able to read them as they were originally presented will give pleasure and interest to many people.

The new edition of John L. Thornton's *Medical Books: Libraries and Collectors* (Andre Deutsch, £4 4s.) is half as long again as the first, which appeared in 1949. It follows the same pattern, the first half discussing medical literature through the centuries, and the rest describing the groups which produce or preserve medical books. The record of the older literature ranges over all countries, but the purview narrows as the spots increase, while the accounts of libraries and collectors concern themselves mainly with Britain and North America. Brief critical appreciations give life to the mass of information. The former chronological list has been usefully replaced by a much fuller bibliography and a more exhaustive index.

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EGYPT AT A GLANCE

LORD KINROSS: *Portrait of Egypt*. 104pp. André Deutsch. 36s.
GREGORY BLAXLAND: *Objective: Egypt*. 319pp. Muller. 37s. 6d.

slaughters. Had he stuck to this theme and worked out the likenesses of a contrast between, say, the role of the Navy in 1982 and 1956, or British military conduct towards Egyptians in each of the two world wars, he might have said something new and wise, saying, as an ex-soldier, he knew well of the regime's histories, that he can usually add some little-known particulars when describing a British campaign. Unfortunately he was swept off his feet and out of the depth by reading a few popular and standard histories of Egypt and was tempted, presumably by discovery of facts new to him, in summarizing these in order to link his military incidents. He admits to having spent on

as surely as the Dead Sea Scrolls do now. Another epoch to which he draws well-merited attention is that of Arab Cairo. In what other town in the world, except Isfahan, can one study several centuries of elegant mosque-building?

The great thing about this brief and excellent book is that it captures the feel of the place. Maybe Lord Kinross is a little didactic about what is "true art" and what mere craftsmanship, but he makes sure, with great economy of style and space, that even the glancer will draw some necessary distinctions. One such is that between the earthy realism of the Old Kingdom and the conventional, impersonal note that creeps into portrayal directly "the principle of authority overrides that of humanity". His predilections are more often for Islamic than for Pharaonic works, and his illustrations mark this preference. For whereas his photographs of mosques cover the whole gamut of Islamic style and taste, his excellent pictures of ancient Egypt seem to be chosen mainly for their quality as photographs; for they dwell unduly

The illustrations of both these very readable books are excellent.

In *Search of Birds* "is no ordinary bird book" can be fully endorsed. In only one instance might it be possible to quarrel with the author. His character sketch of Ogilvie-Grant is by hypothesis the name, incidentally given an entirely untrue picture of the latter's real character. Even if he could be, with no time for fools, but both in and out of school no one could be kinder to those he liked, and his sense of fun was strongly developed. The observations on page 162 cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. "The Bird-room" of the British Museum was a cheery place in those 'distant' days when Ogilvie-Grant was at the helm.

SAVE THE MARSUPIAL.
VINCENT SERVENTY: *A Continent in Danger*. Edited by Colin Willcock. 240pp. André Deutsch. £2 5s.

gathered from old houses, including his own, and the precautions taken by their builders and inhabitants against the possibilities of murtomato—among which witchcraft ranked high. Practices verging on magic were common among country craftsmen; those of the smiths especially fascinated Mr. Evans. So do the old horsemen, whose emulous methods of handling their charges has spent much patient time unravelling. Unlike those of Scotland, the farm horsemen of England were not actually organized.

gypsies. Jules Bloch, Jean-Paul Clébert and François du Vaux. Foletier have written admirable books on the subject, but none of them had the advantage of having the Yoots to give them the entry in that strange world. The author was not long in discovering that the romantic idea of the gypsies as marauders, kidnappers of children, and bandits is a false one, and that they keep up the mystery of their lives by not professing themselves against the oppression of which they are the victims. From his journey, M. de Hous brought back a firm conviction that though the gypsies are everywhere the victims of the police, and though there is talk of attempts to assimilate them into a society they despise, they prefer their own way of life, with its disadvantages. The book is illustrated with excellent photographs taken in the various countries.

What the Stars Foretell (Hindu Predictive Astrology), by Jupiter, Rs. 5.00; Everyday Astrology, by V. A. K. Aker, Rs. 4.95; Direct Hindu Astrology of the Hindus, by Dr. Relu (with Hindu Astrology), by Jupiter, Rs. 3.50; Hindu Astrology (Science of Hindu Readings), by Jupiter, Rs. 3.50; Famous Egyptian Palmist (302 illus.), Rs. 7.50; East Samodan Shavira (The Science of Indian Palmistry), by K. C. Sen (82 illus.), Rs. 7.25; Sarfira Sastri (Hindu Clarification on Hindu Readings), by V. A. K. Aker (155 illus.), Rs. 6.00; Palmistry for Pleasure and Profit, by V. A. K. Aker (11 illus.), Rs. 4.00; Publications, by M. S. D. KARAPORVAL, 285-287, CO. 1, 1ST FLOOR, LTD., 210, Dr. D. Naumeni Rd., Bombay-1 (BR.), India.

